# PRESENT DAY.

MISTER CONAGHER?

*MISTER MANN* WILL SEE YOU NOW.

YES, MA'AM.

SAY, UH... THAT AIN'T AN ORIGINAL *KICASSO*, IS IT?

WHAT AN *EXCELLENT* EYE YOU HAVE, MISTER CONAGHER.
IT IS. FROM HIS *"HUNTED IN THE JUNGLE"* PERIOD, I BELIEVE.
WHY DON'T YOU GO AHEAD AND CALL ME *DELL*, MA'AM.
"MISTER CONAGHER" WAS MY *GRANDFATHER'S* NAME.
YES. I REMEMBER.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH THE MANNS, DELL?

FIRST I'VE HEARD HE *HAD* ONE, MA'AM.

RADIGAN CONAGHER WAS NOT A *CHATTY* MAN.

SIXTY YEARS AGO, YOUR GRANDFATHER SOLVED A RATHER... *SENSITIVE* PROBLEM FOR US.

WELL...

MAYBE "SOLVED" IS TOO STRONG A WORD.

BUT I'M SURE MISTER MANN WILL WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT HIMSELF.

OH!

ONE LAST THING.

EVEN IF HE *OFFERS*...

*DO NOT* SHAKE HIS HAND.

HE FORGETS SOMETIMES.

1850.

"...TO MY DEAREST MAIDSERVANT *ELIZABETH*, I, *ZEPHENIAH MANN* *, LEAVE THE REST AND RESIDUE OF MY ESTATE..."

* SEE ISSUE 97!

"...TO MY FAITHFUL AIDE AND TRACKER, *BARNABAS HALE* OF THE SAVAGE AUSTRALIAS, I DIVEST COMPLETE CONTROL OF *MANN CO.* AND--"

SKIP ME FOR NOW, MAYOR!

I LIKE THIS COUGAR'S *PEPPER SAUCE!*

COUGAR!

"...TO MY LAYABOUT, BRAIN DEFECTIVE SONS, *BLUTARCH AND REDMOND*, I LEAVE THE GREATEST CURSE OF ALL..."

"*PARTNERSHIP.*"

"WHAT *LAND* I HAVE PURCHASED IN THIS NEW WORLD IS TO BE *SPLIT EVENLY* BETWEEN YOU BOTH."

"YOU HAVE WASTED YOUR *LIVES* BICKERING OVER NOTHING."

"AND SO I LEAVE YOU DIMWITS SOMETHING OF *CONSEQUENCE* OVER WHICH TO FEUD."

1890.

MISTER CONAGHER, I'M TOLD YOU ARE A MAN OF MANY IDEAS AND FEW WORDS.

SO I'LL GET TO THE POINT.

FORTY YEARS AGO, MY BROTHER AND I INHERITED A ***CONSIDERABLE*** PARCEL OF LAND.

TO ***SHARE.***

NATURALLY, I ASSEMBLED A TEAM OF THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST ***MERCENARIES*** TO TAKE IT ALL BY FORCE.

WHAT I DID ***NOT*** EXPECT WAS THAT MY IDIOT BROTHER WOULD THINK TO DO THE ***SAME.***

MY TEN-MINUTE LAND GRAB BECAME AN INTRACTABLE ***STALEMATE.***

THE SOLUTION?

IF I COULD NOT ***TAKE*** MY BROTHER'S LAND...

I WOULD SIMPLY ***OUTLAST*** HIM FOR IT.

LOOK AT MY HANDS, MISTER CONAGHER.

I HAVE NEVER WORKED A ***DAY IN MY LIFE*** WITH THEM. THEY ARE THE SMOOTH HANDS OF A ***BABY.***

I HAVE MOUNTED AN ***EPIC CAMPAIGN OF LEISURE*** AGAINST THE RAVAGES OF TIME.

WAITING FOR ***NATURE*** TO DO TO MY BROTHER WHAT MY MEN COULD ***NOT.***

AND YET HERE WE ARE AT THE END.

AND HE...

WON'T...

**DIE.**

I ***MUST*** OUTLIVE MY BROTHER.

AND ***YOU*** MUST BUILD ME A MACHINE TO DO IT.

GOD WANTS ME ***DEAD***, MISTER CONAGHER. AND WE ARE GOING TO ***DEFY*** HIM.

MAKE ME
A MONSTER.
ALRIGHT.

CONAGHER'S
TOOL & MUNITIONS
DON'T JUST STAND THERE IN THE RAIN, MISTER CONAGHER.
COME IN. YOU'RE SOAKED TO THE BONE, POOR THING.
WHO–
IT WILL SAVE US BOTH A LOT OF TIME IF YOU DON'T ASK WHO I AM OR HOW I KNOW WHAT I KNOW.
WHO I AM DOES NOT CONCERN YOU.
WHAT I KNOW IS THAT YOU'VE AGREED TO BUILD BLUTARCH MANN A MACHINE THAT WILL PROLONG HIS LIFE INDEFINITELY.
YES MA'AM.
MISTER CONAGHER, COULD I POSSIBLY CONVINCE YOU NOT TO BUILD THIS MACHINE?
NO MA'AM.
NO. I DIDN'T THINK SO.
SO LET ME PROPOSE AN ALTERNATIVE.

FOR THE LAST FORTY YEARS THE AUSTRALIANS HAVE ***OUTPACED THE WORLD*** IN TECHNOLOGY.

DRINK MORE BEER MATE!

AND THIS IS CONFOUNDING, SINCE BY ALL APPEARANCES THEY ARE A NATION OF ***IDIOTS***.

MAYOR

TELEPORTATION. CLOAKING. THE ENTIRE ***SPECTRUM*** OF THE MOUSTACHE SCIENCES.

EVERY ONE OF MANKIND'S INNOVATIONS NOW COMES FROM THE LAGER-PICKLED BRAIN OF AN AUSTRALIAN.

BECAUSE OF ***THIS***.

***GOLD?***

NOT GOLD, MISTER CONAGHER. ***AUSTRALIUM***.

UH HUH. WHY'S THERE A PICTURE OF A MAN BOXIN' A KANGAROO ON IT?

IT'S HOW THEY CHOOSE THEIR KING. AS I SAID. IDIOTS.

IDIOTS RATHER ACCIDENTALLY ***STRANDED*** ATOP THE PLANET'S ***ONLY*** DEPOSIT OF A ***TRANSFORMATIVE NEW ELEMENT.***

THEY'RE FANATICALLY SECRETIVE ABOUT IT. BUT I'VE SPENT THE LAST DECADE ***HUNTING*** IT, OUNCE BY OUNCE.

I'VE MANAGED TO AMASS A HUNDRED POUNDS. IT'S ***YOURS***.

THINK, MISTER CONAGHER—IF THIS ELEMENT CAN MAKE A GENIUS OUT OF AN ***AUSTRALIAN...***

...WHAT WOULD IT DO FOR A MAN OF ***YOUR*** FACULTIES?

USE IT TO BUILD BLUTARCH MANN HIS IMMORTALITY MACHINE, IF YOU MUST. ALL I ASK...

...IS THAT YOU BUILD ONE FOR ***REDMOND*** MANN AS WELL.

PRESENT DAY.

AND THEN WHAT DO YOU THINK MY *RAT-STINK TWIN BROTHER* DID?

HE BUILT ONE *TOO, THAT'S WHAT!*

I'M NO CLOSER TO BEATING HIM THAN I WAS A *HUNDRED YEARS AGO!*

AND WHAT'S WORSE, YOUR *LUMMOX OF A GRANDFATHER* DIDN'T EVEN BUILD IT RIGHT! THIS INFERNAL THING IS A *LEMON!*

I'VE BARELY CHEATED DEATH OUT OF A *HALF-CENTURY* WITH THIS PILE OF JUNK AND IT'S ALREADY BREAKING DOWN!

THE WAY I SEE IT, HE WAS *YOUR* GRANDFATHER! AND YOU'RE ON *MY* PAYROLL!

FIX IT!

SIR, I'M, UH... *FLATTERED* Y'ALL'D THINK OF ME, BUT I HAVE *NO IDEA* HOW TO FIX THIS.

HELL, IF I TOUCH IT IT'D PROBABLY *KILL* YA.

WHAT IF YOU HAD ACCESS TO YOUR GRANDFATHER'S BLUEPRINTS?

WELL NOW, *THAT'S* A DIFFERENT STORY.

HEH. NOT MUCH HOPE'A *THAT*, THOUGH. THE OLD MAN HAD 'EM–

–BURIED WITH HIM.

FUMMPH

YES, YES, I DUG UP YOUR GRANDFATHER AND LOOTED HIS CORPSE.

IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, THOSE SCRIBBLINGS HAVE BEEN THE ***BANE*** OF MY EXISTENCE FOR SIXTY YEARS.

I'VE SPENT A ***SMALL FORTUNE*** TRYING TO DECIPHER THEM.

GIBBERISH. EVERY LAST PAGE.

YOU MAY ***BORROW*** IT.

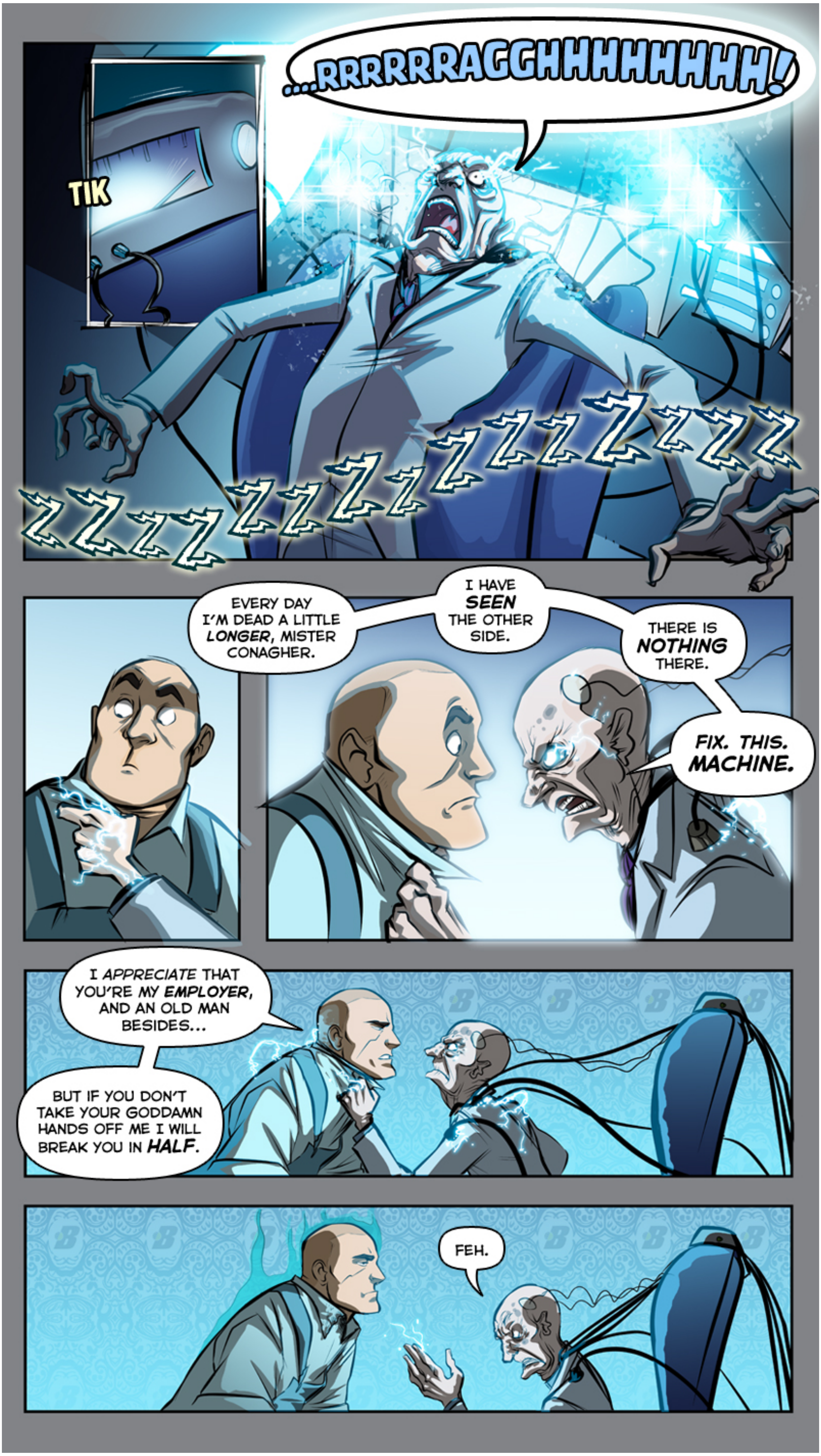
ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU

UH... SIR?

IS HE ALRIGHT?

GIVE HIM A MOMENT, DEAR.

HE'S JUST DEAD.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....RRRRRRAGGHHHHHHHH!
ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
EVERY DAY I'M DEAD A LITTLE LONGER, MISTER CONAGHER.
I HAVE SEEN THE OTHER SIDE.
THERE IS NOTHING THERE.
FIX. THIS. MACHINE.
I APPRECIATE THAT YOU'RE MY EMPLOYER, AND AN OLD MAN BESIDES...
BUT IF YOU DON'T TAKE YOUR GODDAMN HANDS OFF ME I WILL BREAK YOU IN HALF.
FEH.

"TAKE YOUR GRANDFATHER'S NOTES."

"DECIPHER THEM."

"LEARN HOW TO FIX MY MACHINE."

"IF YOU FIND *ANYTHING* ELSE OF INTEREST..."

"REMEMBER..."

"IT'S *MINE*."

LIFE EXTENDER MACHINE

GUNS

MAPS OF AUSTRALIA CACHES

"BRING IT *DIRECTLY* TO ME."

"DO *NOT* BUILD IT."